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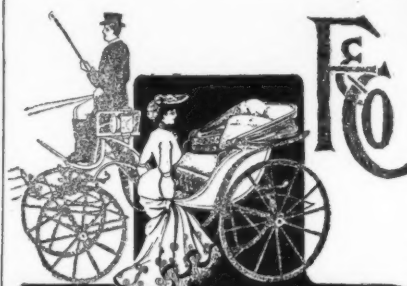
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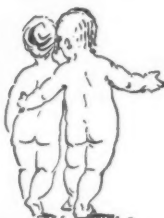
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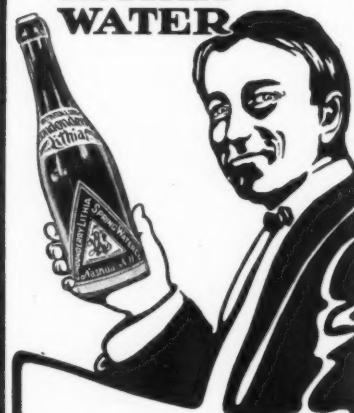
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nothing is better as a morning
beverage. Later in the day he
appreciates the way it blends with
wines and liquors and when used
by itself adds zest to any meal.

LIFE



THE ORIGINAL MAY FIRST.

Art.

MUSIC is the art to which
He's wedded, not disguising
A morganatic union with
The art of advertising.

Æsop Up to Date.

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS.

ONCE upon a Time, a Farmer going to the nest of his Goose, found there an Egg of Pure Gold. To his Great Delight this same Phenomenon occurred every Day, and by Selling his Gold Eggs the Farmer soon became Rich enough to give his Wife a Diamond Tiara.

But she, being a Properly Ambitious Woman, desired also a Diamond Sun-

burst and a Stomacher set with Rubies and Emeralds, "for," said she, "I wish to shine in New York Society."

Whereupon the Farmer offered his Goose to a Syndicate for a Fabulous Price, telling them that by killing the Goose at Once, they could secure a Practically Unlimited Supply of Gold. The Syndicate eagerly snapped at the Chance, and paid the Farmer his Fabulous Price.

They then killed the Goose and opened it, only to find Nothing, while the Farmer casually remarked to his Wife, "Ha-ha, Ha-ha."

MORAL: Wisdom is better than Rubies.

Carolyn Wells.

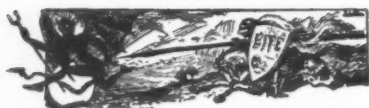
Degrees.

SCHOLASTIC degrees never meant much. They mean less now, probably, than ever.

What if there were no degrees?

Those who go to school in order to graduate would stay away, of course. Those who go to learn would still go, and study as long as they found study worth while, be it a year, or four years, or ten years.

True, we have Mrs. Astor's word for it that nobody is a real gentleman unless he is a college graduate. But a few real gentlemen go a good ways. One or two small colleges bestowing degrees would supply an abundance.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND says that the best way to uplift the Southern negro is Booker T. Washington's way, and that

the best people to supervise the process are "the respectable white people of the South." He admits that "they do not believe in the social equality of the negro race, and they make no pretence about it," but he says: "I have faith in their honor and sincerity in their relations with the negro and his improvement and well-being." It is on them, he thinks, far more than on any others, except the negroes themselves, that the burden of solving the negro problem must rest. "Labor as we will," he says, "those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it."

Mr. Cleveland spoke wisely and in an admirable spirit, and what he said is so. That is not surprising, but what is somewhat notable is the wide acceptance that such views as his on this subject now find among thoughtful Northern people. There is in the South a great deal of pretty poor human stock in white skins, and a great deal of ignorance and lawlessness among the white population. But what Mr. Cleveland calls "the respectable white people of the South"—the best people, that is—are the people upon whom the future of that part of the country, and of its population, depends. They are

the negro's best defenders and wisest helpers, and with them must work the Northern people who feel a share of responsibility for the negro's future.



MR. ARMOUR, of Chicago, seems to be having a good deal of fun buying and selling wheat. If he likes that form of diversion there is no conclusive reason why he should not indulge in it, for he has plenty of money and a big meat business which is constantly making more. He seems to do it pretty well; that is, he seems to find a profit in it. *Chacun a son goût!* Anyone can buy wheat who has the money to pay for it, but it is not every one who, when he has once formed the wheat-buying habit, can stop. It is a very engrossing amusement—just a little more hazardous, apparently, than the kindred one of buying stocks—and seems to take a remarkably strong hold on persons who affect it. Some of them know when to stop, but very few of them can always stop when the time comes. When a man is speculating in wheat, it is always hard to say at any given moment whether he is playing with wheat or wheat is playing with him. All the speculative, get-something-for-nothing games seem to have an effect upon the will power of the player. It is not that he cannot stop when he wants to—though even that often happens in the wheat game—but that he cannot want to stop. What are we to think of Mr. Armour, of Chicago, when we read that "he has bought within a week 10,000,000 bushels of July and between 5,000,000 and 8,000,000 bushels of May wheat"? Are we to picture him as a business man working at his business, or as a fellow-citizen who is indulging a taste for powerful stimulants?



THE *Springfield Republican* has divulged a story that Colonel Roosevelt wants in due time to be President

of Harvard University, and may be President Eliot's successor. It is not a likely story. Any capable and energetic man who wanted a job might well like to be President of Harvard, but Colonel Roosevelt is not out of a job yet, and it is not probable that he is yet planning what he will do six years from now. The *Republican* thinks it would be a tremendous advertisement for Harvard to have an ex-President of the United States at its head, but Harvard doesn't need advertisement. Colonel Roosevelt will never be her President: He was not born to that office. He is not a Boston man, nor even a New Englander. Boston and her tributary territory has been able in the past to supply Harvard with presidents. The supply has been satisfactory, and its source has not yet run out. President Eliot's successor will be a scion of a family that has served the public in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for at least seven generations. None other need apply. President Roosevelt is a good man, but, as a Dutchman from New York, he could not qualify as President of Harvard. The *Republican* is barking up the wrong family tree.



A WESTERN carriage manufacturer who has opened a warehouse in New York advertises his business in the New York papers, and puts at the top of his advertisement a picture of the heads of two horses. He invites us to read the "story of their faces." We have read it. His horses' heads are drawn up into an unnatural position by check-reins. The pole-straps are pulling forward on their collars; the check-reins are pulling back on their mouths, and they look strained and uncomfortable. Check-reins are a relic of barbarism. Good horses look better without them; poor horses look no better for having them. Our carriage-making friend from Indiana will do well to advise his advertising man to discard the check-reins from his advertisement. His horses will look better without them, and their faces will not be a painful study, as they are now.

"When a Maiden Weds."

WHEN a maiden weds,
All her friends look
pleasant,
Wink, and nod their heads.
When a maiden weds,
Everybody sheds
Cash to make a present.
When a maiden weds,
All her friends, LOOK pleasant.
"Fyvie."



SO LONG AS COLONEL LEXINGTON
HAD TO WEAR GLASSES, HE INSISTED
UPON WEARING THE RIGHT KIND.

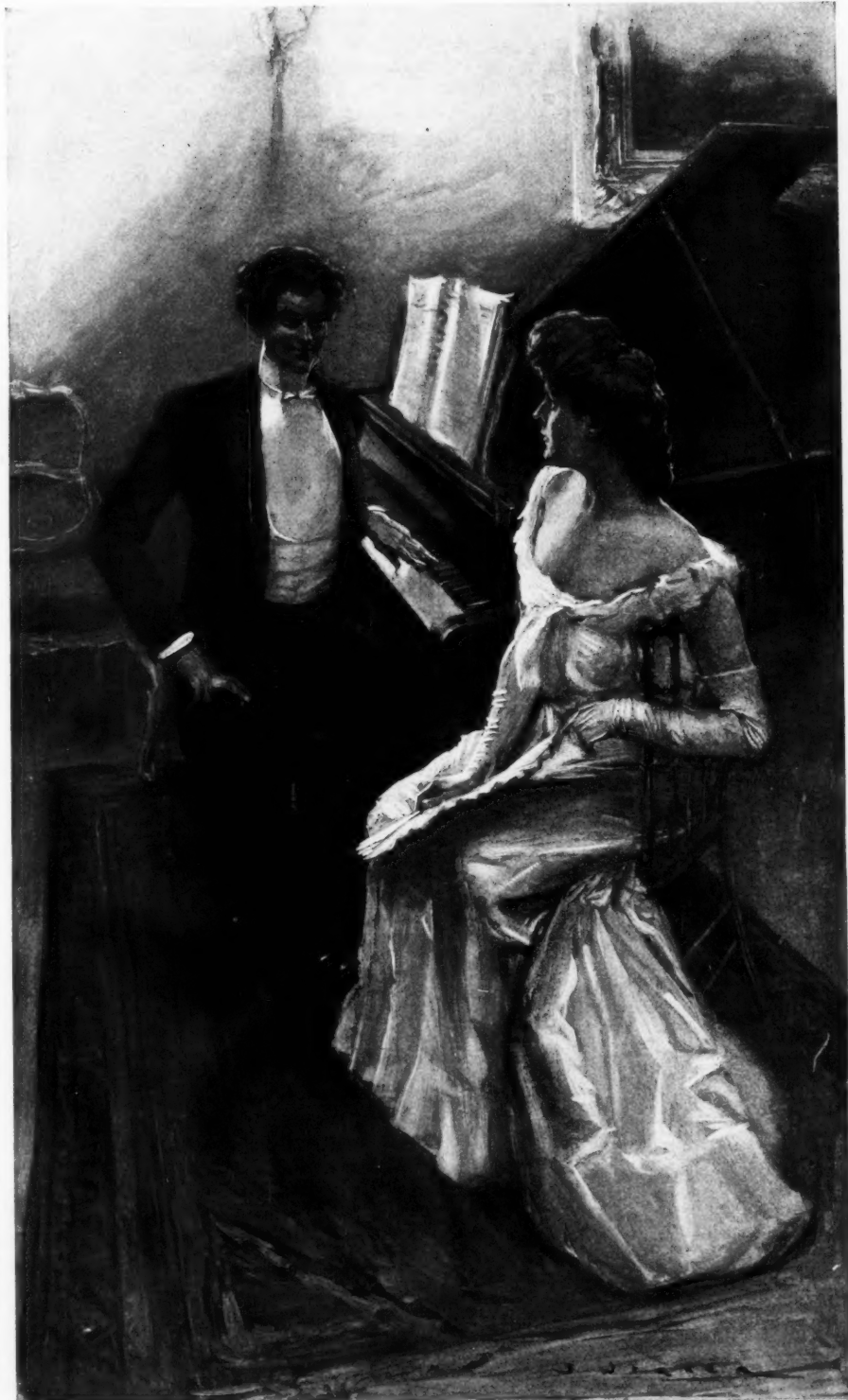
With a Fan.

GO, fan of feathers, go and
speak
For me who do not dare to ;
Breathe, since she furnishes the
cheek,
My love which she is heir to.
Waft her the coolest breeze you
can
Out of the fragrant weather,
And when you get her cold,
dear Fan,
We'll share her love together.
Felix Carmen.

A KING, to-day, is but a
pompous figurehead—
a dummy on which new
clothes, champagnes and
piano players are tried be-
fore being presented to the
public.

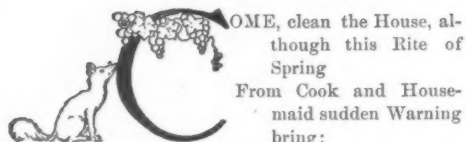
"DO you understand, in
these parlous times,
the language of love?"

"No. I never was good
at figures."



She: I WISH I HAD YOUR TALENT.
"WELL, THAT GOES WITH ME."

The Housewife's Omar.



COME, clean the House, although this Rite of Spring
From Cook and Housemaid sudden Warning bring;

They're certain to give Notice, anyway,
For Wages rise—and they are on the Wing!

Whether in Boston or in Binghamton,
Whether the House be lax or Strictly run,

The Cook has Tempers every day or two,
The Housemaid breaks the Teacups one by one.

Each Ship a hundred Bridgets brings, you say,
Yes,—but where lives the Cook of Yesterday?

And this new Age that brings the sullen Swede
Sweeps the old Family Treasure quite away.

The Girl gains Schooling, writes—and having writ
Moves up,—not all your Wages or your Wit

Shall lure her back from Office, Store, or Desk;
She will not do Plain Housework—not a Bit!

The Eight-Hour Plan some set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes, even with Millionaires, anon.

Maids by the Day refuse the Evening Task,
And when the Caller rings the Bell, are gone.

An Old-time Cook-book, simpler far than now,
A Loaf of Home-made Bread, no Fuss, no Row,

But Bridget singing as she cleans the Sink,—
Oh, such a Home were Paradise enow!

I sometimes think how Wonderfully Good
Waffles would taste instead of Breakfast Food,

And how the Clothes would Last if Washed at Home,—
But what's the use of such a yearning Mood?

Yet make the Most of Maids to-day,—the End
May be that, Servantless, we shall descend

To dwell in huge Co-operative Plants,
Sans Privacy, sans Hope, sans Homes to tend.

Ah, Bridget, fill the Coffee Cup that clears
To-day, at least, of our Domestic Fears!

To-morrow!—Maid and Mistress both may be
Swept from the Path of the Progressive Years!

Priscilla Leonard.

Egotism.

TADDLES: I used to think a good deal of Straddles, but—

WADDLES: You don't say? What has he done?

"The other day I asked him to call round and give me his opinion of an article of mine on The Impending Crisis. Well, he came all right; but he brought a little thing of his own for me to hear; and—confound him—he wasted all the evening with his egotistical trash."

"YOU said you expected a rise this summer."

"I did, but I doubt if I get it. You see, Johnson, who is next above me, was drinking himself to death, and I hoped to get his job. But he took to golf very hard on Sundays, and that stayed him some, and then he met a girl who put him on the water wagon, and he looks healthier than I do now. That's the way things go against a man."

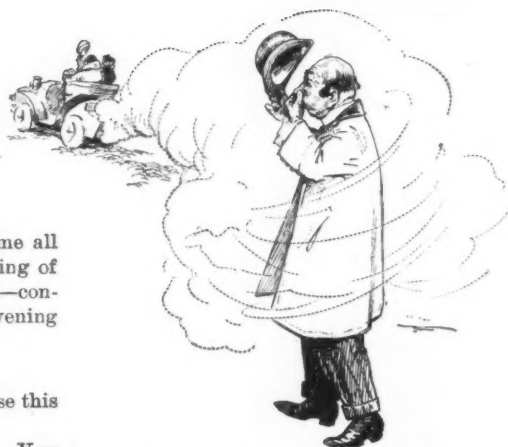


TWO years ago Alice Brown's novel, *Margaret Warrener*, was one of the best of the year. Her new book, *The Mannerings*, is, so far, only surpassed by *Lady Rose's Daughter* in this season's fiction. It is at once an entertaining story and a thoroughly satisfactory presentation of a number of interesting characters. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The Stumbling Block is an example of the psychological clinic method. Mr. Edwin Pugh, the author, is a disciple of the unusual. He affects obsolete and obsolescent English, and his heroine, whose unhappy disposition gives the book its title, is luckily a type equally uncommon. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

The novel of morbid psychological analysis, however, reaches its utmost development in *The Depths of Deliverance*, translated from the Dutch of Frederick Van Eeden. This is a study of unwholesome types, of unquestionable power, undertaken in a spirit almost scientific in its sincerity of purpose, but, like a pathological culture of bacteria, not intended for indiscriminate handling. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

John Burroughs, in a recent article upon



THE PROPER MANNER OF RETURNING THE SALUTATION OF A FRIEND IN A GASOLINE AUTOMOBILE.

Real and Sham Natural History, distinguishes three classes of animal stories: The honest attempt to study animal psychology, the frankly imaginative, and the yarn posing as truth with intent to deceive. Sewell Ford's *Horses Nine* falls in the second class and contains some horse romances written from an assumed equine point of view which no one is likely to mistake for anything more than very entertaining fiction. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Clifton Johnson's books upon rural scenes in France and Great Britain have already been noticed in this column. *New England and Its Neighbors* is the title of his last volume, which is less interesting than some of the others because New England types and customs have become an old story. He promises later to go further afield in America, and here he should find fresher material for his camera and his pen. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

A series of sketches of New England types in much the same manner that made Mary E. Wilkins's early popularity is presented by Grace Lathrop Collin, under the title of *Putnam Place*. We have become thoroughly familiar with this phase of life, but the author does an oft done thing exceptionally well, and those who still care for it will read her with enjoyment. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Mr. Willard Moyer, a gentleman with the true Philadelphia spirit, has compiled a book called *The Witchery of Sleep*. Now, compilations are odious, and this potpourri of poetry, hygienic advice and furniture catalogue illustrations has an added touch of the ridiculous. (Ostermoore and Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



Uncle Sam: WHY, HE CAN HATCH MORE EGGS THAN THAT!

Society.

THE arrangements for the Stile-Inkum wedding are practically completed. The decorators took possession of Dividend Hall and began the work of changing the house into a floral bower of great beauty. The flowers came from New York by carloads.

Bullifat Inkum, Jr., seems very happy, and the fiancée, Miss Birdie Stile—only daughter of Lottsmore Stile—is, of course, charming (\$8,000,000 in her own right). Her aunt, Mrs. Richern Mudd, gives her four quarts of large pearls for a wedding present (\$650,000).

The gifts to Miss Stile, which are shown to the guests, are displayed in the upper rooms of Dividend Hall,

where they are carefully guarded by special detective officers. The more prominent of the gifts are as follows:

Mrs. New Butsolid, a tiara and collar of diamonds (\$780,000).

Mrs. Muchinprint, a chain of diamonds and rubies (\$300,000).

Mrs. Van Damm Expensse, emerald and diamond tiara and brooches of diamonds and emeralds (\$440,000).

Mr. and Mrs. Leeds Thegang, pair of handsomely wrought gold vases filled with large diamonds.

Mr. and Mrs. Synchon Koppah, pair of silver candelabra stuffed with rubies, etc., etc., etc.

It is estimated that the flowers alone cost four hundred billions of dollars. The reporters of the *New York Journal* and *The New York Times* are drunk with excitement.

It is rumored that *The New York Times* intended to give three whole pages to this wedding, but at the last moment less important matter, such as foreign news, births, deaths, art, literature, politics, etc., was allowed to infringe upon the sacred space.

Onward.

THY life is dark with duties left undone

And evil done? 'Tis man's infirmity.

No vain regrets! Arise, and face the sun.

Lead thou thy shadow, let not it lead thee!



ONE OF THE DANGERS OF THE THIRD RAIL.

Bores.



THE race of bores is never extinct.

When we have arranged our affairs with satisfaction, when we have so ordered things that our pride in this personal achievement of heterogeneity is at its height, the bore steps in and tells us his story. Our control is forthwith gone—we are henceforth irresponsible.

One of the peculiar things about a bore is that he never knows himself. Presumably a camel knows that he is a camel, that is, he distinguishes himself from other creatures by certain subjective evidences. A pretty girl knows that she is a pretty girl, and a plain girl is apt to know that she is plain, though she may not acknowledge it. And so on. But a bore is always safe in his ignorance. It is this impenetrable armor that preserves him intact. He goes his own way, sublimely indifferent to the wrecks that strew his course—deaf to the groans and curses that rise in his rear.

Nothing succeeds like the bore. Browning has intimated that constant failure is the measure of a man's success. That's what's the matter with the bore. He tries to be interesting, and is a constant failure. The very effort that he puts forth, in proportion as it is persistent, unflagging, makes him all the more a bore.

Bores are not divided into classes, or if they are, there are only two—bores and bores. But they do not all deal with the same subjects.

The experience of a bore varies, of course, as in the case of other individuals, and it is in proportion that this experience is extensive that his sphere is enlarged.

The plain, ordinary bore has lived only in one locality. It is not his fault if his destructiveness is limited. His stories are of one type, his tales of adventure smack of one atmosphere.

When a bore travels, however, what a range is added to his effectiveness! The world is his oyster. He may be able to bore you in seven languages.

Bores all have the same charac-

teristics—they talk and they stick.

The introspective bore takes you aside and tells you about himself—his feelings, his sorrows, his misunderstandings—no ray of humor lights this dead stream of psychologic monotony. It is serious—more serious than a temperance lecture or the Salvation Army.

The story-telling bore, on the contrary, is a fiend of another type. He grabs you firmly by the collar. "Have you heard?" he begins. You have. He knows you have. But it makes no difference.

There is no known antidote for the bore. We cannot club him to death. In this respect we are behind primitive man. Our manners have not helped us.

Primitive man, when his tormentor began, "Have you heard?" could brain him promptly with a bronze ax, and no one cared.

We can, of course, politely tell him

that he is a bore. But this only excites his enmity. Henceforth he will talk about you to others. Thus unconsciously you will have become a party to his crime.

Every home, every office, every hotel and theatre lobby, every point of vantage, so to speak, should be provided with a bore escape.

And when the victim sounds an alarm, the entire fire department and police force, if necessary, should step in and make the bore use it.

Tom Masson.

A Sad Outlook.

AUNTIE: Do you let your husband have a room to himself?

MRS. MCBRIDE: Oh, yes; of course he must have a place to smoke in.

"You poor dear, I see your future through a rain of tears. He'll sneak off there and lock himself in whenever you want to talk to him seriously. You mark my words."



ARBITRATION.



THE WORKING MAN
SHOULD BE DRIVEN TO
HIS WORK AT THE BOSS' EXPENSE.



NO MORE TIN
DINNER PAILS.
BUT A LUNCHEON
SERVED AT THE
EXPENSE OF THE
CONTRACTOR.



"YOUSE WILL
ALL QUIT
WORRUK,
IVRY WAN"

WALKING
DELEGATE

The flower
that blooms
every Spring



The Capitalist
should always
assume an attitude
of respect while
arguing with labor.



BUT OF COURSE THIS MAY GO ON
AT ALL TIMES.. WHAT RIGHTS HAS
A NON-UNION MAN TO LIVE.



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AFTER FIVE YEARS
WHEN SHE REFUSED HIM HE WENT AWAY



AFTER FIVE YEARS.
REFUSED HIM BECAUSE HE WOULD NEVER MARRY.



Now Is the Accepted Time.



THERE are quite a few bits of laughter in "A Fool and His Money" at the Madison Square. These would be much more numerous if the original intention had been carried out and the leading rôle had been given to Mr. William Collier instead of to Mr. Jameson Lee Finney. This is not so much a reflection on Mr. Finney's ability as a description of the part, which is exactly adapted to Mr. Collier's personality. The youth here portrayed is just a trifle too virile for Mr. Finney's methods, and the various trials and tribulations to which he is subjected in his attempts to dovetail

a canvas-back appetite into a ham-sandwich condition of his treasury would have been most humorously depicted by Mr. Collier's *sang froid* and appreciation of the ridiculous. With the exception of Mr. Arnold Daly, who makes the part of an impecunious French artist really laughable, the cast is a weak one, and it is surprising that it is able to make so much fun with Mr. Broadhurst's piece as it does.

THIS is the psychological moment for dramatists who can write even passably clean comedy. The evident enjoyment of the audiences at such a slender effort as "A Fool and His Money" shows the trend of popular fancy. The public has evidently been overdosed with musical comedy and society plays. The former, with its scant supply of comedians and clever librettists, is beginning to pall even on those theatre-goers who have found in it the kind of entertainment suited to their not over-cultivated palates. The society play has degenerated into such thinness of material that not even its veneering of society methods and manners can hide its lack of real vitality. On the other hand, the clever fun of "The Earl of Pawtucket" has made that piece one of the greatest popular and financial successes of the season.

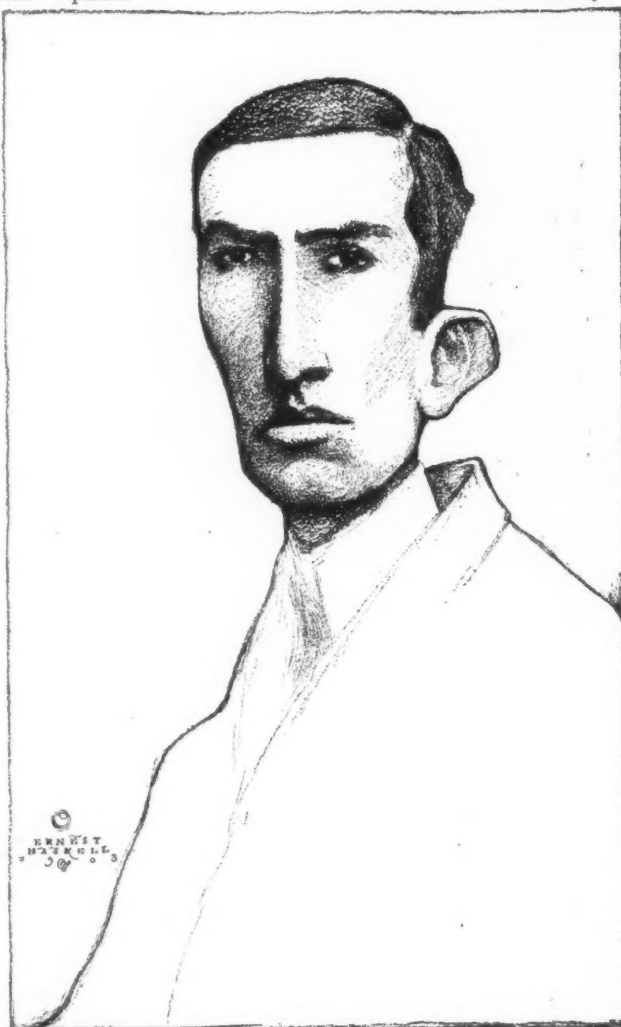
Just whence are to come the dramatists who are to supply this demand it is not easy to see. The Theatrical Trust, which depends on English successes for its material, has drag-netted both England and the Continent, only to secure a succession of failures. Its bringing "A Message from Mars" and "The Mummy and the Humming Bird" back to Broadway shows to what straits it is reduced. It has done nothing to encourage native authors—in fact, it has done everything in its power to kill them off—and, as a

consequence, it finds itself without plays for its machine-made stars and obliged to deny the ambitions of others to whom it had promised its questionable glories.

As yet neither our leading universities, nor the correspondence schools which teach almost everything in a few lessons sent by mail, have devoted their energies to the education of play-writers. It is doubtless true that the dramatist, like the poet, is born, not made, but if our general writers would turn their attention to the technical side of stage-writing, we might, at this juncture, not be so absolutely poverty-stricken in the matter of good plays. The truth is that those who can write don't know anything about the stage, and those who know anything about the stage can't write.

If they of the stage could get over their contempt for the purely literary person, and they of literature would admit to themselves that actable plays depend upon something more than literary merit, the two kinds of knowledge might be brought together to the advantage of every one concerned, and especially of the theatre-going public.

Metcalfe.



GEO. ADE.

By the Sultan of Sulu.



MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

A STORY IN THREE ACTS.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"The Suburban." The racing scene in this sporting melodrama is worth seeing.

Belasco.—"The Darling of the Gods." Gruesome story of Japanese life, admirably staged.

Bijou.—Marie Cahill in "Nancy Brown." Musical comedy. Not very strong.

Broadway.—"The Prince of Pilsen." Musical comedy. Very catchy music.

Casino.—Matinées. "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Criterion.—Charles Hawtreys in "A Message from Mars." Unusual and interesting comedy.

Garden.—"Everyman." Curious morality play very well presented.

Garrick.—Last week of Annie Russell in "Mice and Men." Quite well worth seeing.

Herald Square.—"Pretty Peggy." Elaborate production of fairly amusing play, with Grace George as the star.

Knickerbocker.—"Mr. Bluebeard." Musical comedy. Gorgeous but dull.

Madison Square.—"A Fool and His Money." See preceding page.

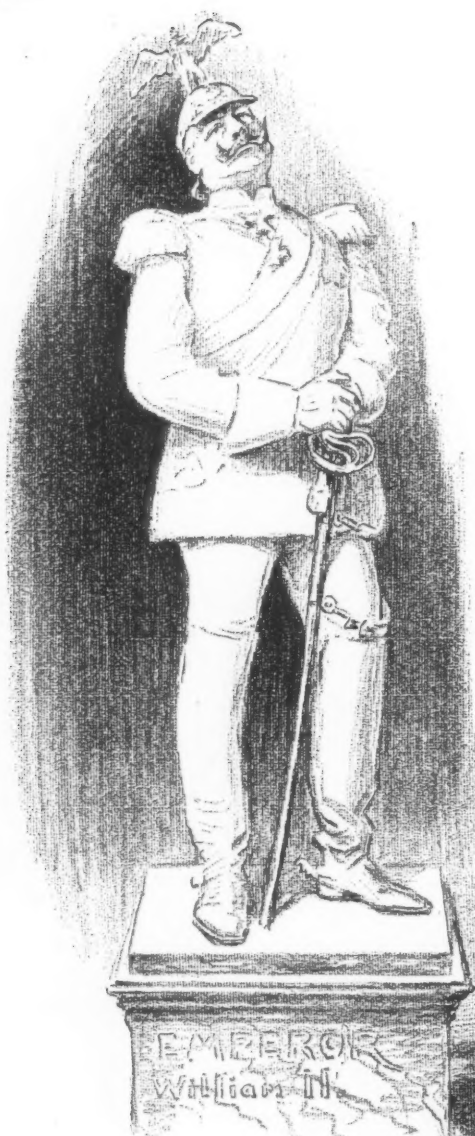
Majestic.—"The Wizard of Oz." Extravaganza. Diverting.

Manhattan.—"The Earl of Pawtucket." Humorous, bright and interesting.

Savoy.—"The Taming of Helen." Not at all a bad comedy.

Victoria.—Last week of "Resurrection." Tolstol's novel dramatized. Well presented.

Wallack's.—"The Sultan of Sulu." Musical comedy. Clever book and tuneful score.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

THIS paragraph from the Stratford-on-Avon *Herald* tends to show that the cutting up of live animals is not such a very new idea. "Scientists" had their fun even in oldish times.

"Not only we new men that in the flying of a wheel cry down the past" have hated the practice of vivisection. In the *Idler* of 1758 we find a protest against it, and it is stated that "the inferior professors of medicine is a race of wretches whose lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty, and whose favourable amusement is to nail dogs

to tables, and open them alive to see how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation."

All Day.

"HER novel is one of the ephemeral successes."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. It was published before nine o'clock in the morning and was not completely forgotten until quite a bit after six o'clock in the evening."



With All My Heart.

MYRTILLA, when I think of all
The hearts that you have broken,
I own the chance seems very small
For still another token;
But since life's pleasure while I live
Is what you choose to make it,
My heart, dear girl, to you I give
To bless or bruise or break it.

I count your conquests on the line,
All sorts and shapes and sizes;
And tremble when I think lest mine
Be added to your prizes:
Yet, *Nothing ventured, nothing won*,—
The ancient proverb tells me,
And so a daring deed I've done
Because my love compels me.

A whole heart, wholly yours, my dear;
It beats in such a fashion

That should you listen you might hear

The music of its passion:

Take it and all its love, and may

It be my joy to find it

Beating in time, some happy day,

With your own heart behind it!

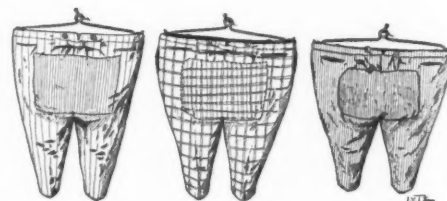
Felix Carmen.

A Healthy Symptom.

MISS ANGELL: And what are you doing for your rheumatism?

MRS. MCFEE: 'Deed, an' I don't need to do a thing for it; it's able an' willin' to work for itself.

IT is cake—not bread—that the world is struggling for.



RECENT FICTION.

"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."



THE SAME OLD SONG.

Misunderstood.
MRS. RATTLEPATE: But I can't explain any more. Robert dear, don't you see—
ROBERT: Imagination, my dear, is a

rubber. You can stretch it, but it may go back on you.

CONVERSATION is the art of appearing to listen.

Guide to Public Speaking.

QUITE likely a voice in the audience will call out:

"But what need have we for a great navy?"

To which you will reply:

"To guard our scattered possessions."

If the voice persists and asks:

"Why not get rid of the possessions?"

Swell up and answer:

"National honor forbids."

Should the voice still inquire, saying:

"What is national honor?"

Look black and thunder:

"If you don't know what honor is, nobody can tell you."

Hereupon the audience, does it retain a spark of patriotic sentiment, will take the case out of your hands and close the argument with cries of "T'row 'im out!" "Conspuez l'infame!" etc., etc.

"PAPA, what is a pool-room?"

"My son, it's a place where you get nothing for something."

MR. BROWN: What is the spirit of the Ghetto?

MR. GRABENHEIMER: Get dough.



THAT INEVITABLE DELAY.

"YES, DE MANAGER SAID DIS MESSAGE WAS A CASE OF LIFE AN' DEATH, BUT DAT'S JUST WHAT WILD BILL WAS A SAYIN' TO HIS PALS WHEN HE INTERRUPTED ME."

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ASCUM: Twins at your house, eh? I'll bet they're pretty boisterous?

NUPOP: Partly so. One of them is girlsterous. —*Philadelphia Press.*

MRS. BROWN: We are going to give a progressive euchre for the poor. I love to do something for the poor.

MRS. JONES: So do I. I love to play progressive euchre for them. —*Town and Country.*

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IN DRUG STORE LATIN: "What are you hunting for in the dictionary, my son?" asked old Kollidge.

"What is the Latin for 'wink'?" replied young Kollidge.

"Spiritus frumenti," said the old man, absent-mindedly. —*Philadelphia Press.*

EDGEWOOD INN, Greenwich, Conn. The most popular summer resort hotel on the Sound shore for critical New York people. Will open May 27th.

MISS LOUISE WARD McALLISTER, of New York, is interested in the education of girls. A clergyman conversing with her on this subject the other day, said:

"The average American girl is poorly educated."

"Yes, that is a fact which can't be denied, I fear," said Miss McAllister. "But there is one consolation—the average American boy will never find it out." —*New York Tribune.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

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TEACHER (to a boy who is gazing in mirror at himself): Why do you look at yourself, John, in the glass? You do not consider yourself good looking, I hope?

PUPIL: Certainly I do, ma'am; I'm as good looking as the Lord, for the Lord made me in His own image. —*Harper's Magazine.*

STRONG and better men and women are those who use Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.

CASSIDY: Oi want a wreath av flowers, an' put on it, "He rests in pieces."

FLORIST: Don't you mean "He rests in peace"?

CASSIDY: Oi mane phwat Oi sed. 'Tis fur Casey, that was blowed up in the quarry. —*Tit-Bits.*

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"Does your cook ever wear your wife's clothes?"

"I guess not. Why, my wife hasn't anything the cook would be seen wearing." —*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

PRESIDENT HADLEY, OF YALE: I have tried in vain, sir, for a solution; tell me, Dr. Elliot, what is your definition of a conceited German barber?

PRESIDENT ELIOT, OF HARVARD: A sausage endowed with the power of speech. —*The School-master.*

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

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For once be every care forgot;
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And kind affection rule the hour."

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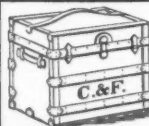
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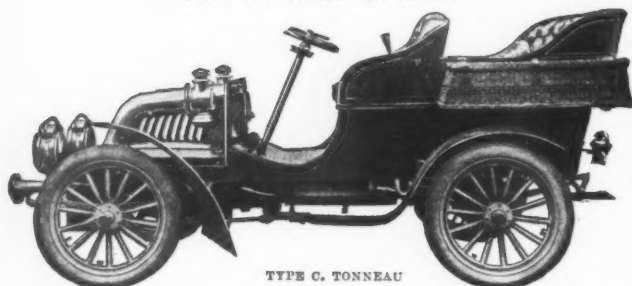
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